

HEALING FOR THE NATIONS

As recent tragic events have been unfolding in our world, we may wonder what it will take to bring God's peace to individuals and to war torn nations. The reality is that true peace only comes from God and His son Jesus Christ. When Jesus instructed His disciples that His Kingdom was not of this world, He also provided them understanding that His spirit would provide inner peace and spiritual protection for them. When Jesus was speaking to His disciples about the peace that He would leave them He was using the Hebrew word <code>Shalom</code> (peace) which in the Jewish community meant more than a temporary feeling of ease or some type of peace treaty among nations. The word <code>Shalom</code> (peace) has a deeper meaning of spiritual wellness, divine favor, along with provision for every area of our lives. That sounds like the kind of peace and assurance we could all use every day!

After Solomon dedicated the temple to God, the Lord appeared to Solomon and gave him instructions about what is required for healing the land. In 2 Chronicles we find the following verse "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." (2 Chronicles 7:14) There is so much in this verse, and in study I have found several principles that lead to healing. The first step is to call on the name of the Lord. The name of Christ is part of our church name and there is a banner in many of our churches that states, "No creed but Christ, no Law but Love, no Guide but the Bible." The scriptures clearly teach that there is no other name given in heaven and earth for men to be saved. Peter declared healing to a lame man shortly after the day of Pentecost by stating "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." When we just breathe the holy name of Jesus in prayer things change!

The next part of this verse calls for us to pray with humility. Realizing that wisdom, strength, and healing can only come from God and not our own strength. The good news is that whatever we lack the Lord can provide. I have been reminded by the spirit of God recently of the stanza "for my words I'll take his wisdom, for my works his spirit's power."

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"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you."

-PHILIPPIANS 4:7-9

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"The world's fierce winds are blowing,

Temptations sharp and keen, I have a peace in knowing, My Savior stands between. He stands to shield me from danger.

When earthly friends are all gone.

He's promised never to leave me.

Never to leave me alone."

- LUDIE PICKETT

TIDINGS

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If we are not sure what to do, what to say or how things will work out just think about the power of that verse! Just place it all in His hands and He can do exceedingly above and beyond all we can ask or imagine.

Finally, we must seek the face of God. In fact, in the New Testament, it shows us that we find the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. When we seek His face, we must turn from sinful and wicked behavior.

As we move toward God, we must move away from things that are displeasing to Him and would prevent us from being blessed. After we have met these conditions, we can then receive what the Lord has for us, "then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." I pray as you think on these things the Lord will bless you and keep you, make his face to shine upon you and give you true peace that passes all understanding.

- Bro. Joe Hashemi

Up Calvary's mountain one dreadful morn. Walked Christ my Savior. weary and worn. **Facing for sinners** death on the cross: That He might save them from endless loss.

Blessed Redeemer. precious Redeemer. Seems now I see Him on Calvary's tree. Wounded and bleeding, for sinners pleading Blind and unheeding, dying for me.

Father, forgive them, Thus did He pray. Even while His lifeblood How can my praises flowed fast away. **Praying for sinners** while in such woe. No one but Jesus ever loved so.

Oh how I love Him. Savior and friend. ever find end? Through years unnumbered on Heaven's shore. My tongue shall praise Him forevermore.

- Harry Dixon Loes & Avis Christiansen

My Testimony

 ${f M}$ y testimony.... As a little girl I had never heard the gospel. My only connection to what I thought was Christianity was Santa Claus at Christmas and the Easter bunny at Easter. My father was agnostic, my mother claimed to be Jewish. I was raised in the Jewish faith...sort of. We celebrated holidays although not in the manner I was taught was correct according to the teaching I received in an all girl Orthodox Yeshiva. My folks sent me to the Yeshiva not because of their faith but because public schools where we were living were terrible. The result: I would recite the Ahmeda (Jewish standing morning prayer) reading from a siddur (prayer book) in Hebrew every morning. As far as I knew, my father never prayed and the only time my mother prayed was to say Kaddish for the dead. They certainly did not know that their youngest child prayed to God whenever she was afraid or

lonely or when she felt she was being treated unjustly. I never shared that with them. I never shared it with anyone. When my time at Bais Miriam was over, I went to a secular public school. That was where religion was drummed out of me and replaced with secular humanism. Oh, I had some notions about God being everywhere and some of my "new" ideas were quite pagan. One thing I always felt deep inside was that every part of nature obeyed God better than I did. I was sure a bird never complained to God that it wasn't a horse, a horse never asked God why it was not a tree. But we....okay, I... wanted to be more than what I was. Fast forward from school days to me at 29. I was a travel counsellor and had been one since I was 21 years old. That year I took my mom with me on a wonderful trip. We flew from JFK tocontinued on p. 3

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Paris, then took a train from Paris to Marseille where we boarded a cruise ship that stopped at 2 ports in Italy, then on to Greece where one of the stops was Patmos. That had no significance to me other than the pretty mosaics in a primitive church and the lovely landscape looking over the Mediterranean. Our cruise ended in Haifa. On the cruise I made a connection with a man

who turned out to be a Roman Catholic priest this is not something my mother was thrilled about but she felt "well at least he is not a Moslem." It was in Israel that I received and read my first copy of the New Testament, Please understand that if you are trained



as a believing Jew, reading the New Testament is considered a sin. The Gospel of Matthew floored me. I had sooooo many questions and nobody but the Roman Catholic priest to ask those questions. He did not have the answers. That copy did not even have the Gospel of Luke and I had no idea it was missing! It was produced and sold as a souvenir. At the end of the time in Israel I sent my mother home and my best friend and I continued our trip by flying to Spain and going about Europe for another 3 weeks. My friend was born and raised as a Roman Catholic and she had zero knowledge of the Bible despite having attended Saint Mary Star of the Sea Catholic parochial school. She wanted me to get over this whole thing because it was "not healthy for me." Don't be hard on her; from her view I was a little looney and she thought it was mostly because of the attachment that I had formed with Pino (the priest). Well, I got back home and after some sensible assessments (at least I thought they were sensible) I resumed my normal life. I didn't throw that

Bible away, nor did I read it. Instead I kept it on my nightstand. A year passed. My best friend's sister ended up living with me and my mom because her folks couldn't bear her any longer. She was fresh out of a mental hospital and was both going to a conservative Baptist church and a house Bible study. She kept pestering me about going to the Bible study. She wore me down. I finally went and was totally turned off by

the man who led the study. I thought he was the most misogynistic, arrogant, bossy man I had ever been misfortunate enough to meet. I was incensed. I said I never wanted to see or speak to him again. I was back the next week. My reason was to

prove him wrong. The flaw in that argument was while I found him personally distasteful, he was preaching the gospel. Not the prosperity gospel. Not the social gospel. He was preaching the one true Gospel. "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Hebrews 4:12) And so it was, that the word pierced me even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow. By the following week I was on my knees in my bedroom seeking forgiveness for my sins and asking for the Spirit to make me new and whole. That was in my 30th year. I will be 74 years old this June. The Lord has taken me through some, shall we say, very unusual twists and turns but through it all He has been there. He has never failed.

- Sis. June Williams

"How I came to be a pilgrim is to me a great surprise, and the way the Lord has led me is a wonder in my eyes."

-"I'M ONE OF THEM" BY I.G. MARTIN AND SIS. EULAR SLOAN

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